



FRUIT BEFORE

SUMMER



H. BEDFORD-JONES



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Handwritten signature: J. J. Jones

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At Four Months

1887 --- 1915



RUIT



EFORE



UMMER

BY

H. BEDFORD-JONES



"As the hasty fruit before the summer."

--- Isaiah

Long Beach
California

Dedicated
to
WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Whose friendship is in worth second
only to his commendation

Fifty copies, handset &
printed by the Author.

A few titles appearing in
the Author's previous volume
are included herein.

This Copy is Number 18



C O N T E N T S

I H O M E S O N G S

II L O V E S O N G S

III R O V I N G S O N G S

IV B O O K S O N G S

Let these my songs bring back the olden age,
The kings and shattered gods, the joys that smiled,
The wiser men who jeered me for a child ---
The laughing nymphs who jeered me for a sage.

Herein are found
divers songs & verses
written at home

THE LONE PINE

Dawn on the mist; above the trees
 A lonely pine uprears
His ghost-hung branches to the breeze,
 Scarred with the olden years.

The mist writhes upward, at the spell
 Of some far-hidden bird;
But clearer grows the sentinel,
 His brethren dim and blurred.

So stand, my soul, amid thy fears
 High over wind and wraith;
Across the darkling drift of years
 A sentinel to faith!

Walloon Lake

THE LAST PAPOOSE

Thine is the grief of all the drifted doom

That dashed thy people on Misfortune's reef;
Fate wove in warp of umber on her loom ---

Thine is the grief.

Race after race appears, holds earth in fief,

And vanishes, like far-flung salt sea-spume;
To thine alone, for space of life so brief,

Earth makes amends by glory of the tomb!

Yet, though their graves be kissed by
crimsoned leaf

And choral pines their requiem assume,

Thine is the grief.

Wayagamug

TO MY GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT

Dear little maid of long ago
So wistful-eyed and tender-faced,
When the old artist caught you so
What winsome thoughts were yours and chaste?
I wonder if you felt the years
Your eyes would gaze on, from the wall;
The longing hopes, the clinging fears
That found your heart, that find us all!
I wonder if you felt the trust,
The simple truth of higher things
Which you, long crumbled into dust,
Would leave in subtle whisperings
To stir our souls and bid us seek
A childlike faith we lost long since ---
So absolute, so pure and meek
The trust your painted eyes evince!
If this was yours, as yours the task
To stir our souls to life again
Across the years --- ah, may we ask
Some such memorial to attain?
Dear little maid of long ago,
So tender-faced and wistful-eyed,
Give us this secret power to know;
For see! You have not wholly died!

THE BUILDERS

Pile the granite, steel, and stone,

Rear the walls that hide the sun;
Fashion streets of sombre tone ---

Flowers grow there, when all is done.

Bring the timbers, iron, and glass,

Lay the stones that chill and burn,
Blight the trees and fence the grass ---

One thing men can never spurn.

While they carve and build and hew

In open field or house or street,
In all they think and say and do ---

Men and God must somewhere meet.

Chicago

MEMORIAL DAY

The flag they bore holds many a spot and stain
Here in the sunlight, as the feeble score
Of heroes march beneath, --- yet once again ---
The flag they bore.

Away with all your mimic-martial roar!
What get ye from them, save a mild disdain,
Whose ears have shattered at the shriek of war?
They need no brave array or glittering train;
Theirs but the simple blue they suffered for.
Their sole reward, for strife and toil and pain ---
The flag they bore.

Elgin

A GAELIC SONG

Behold! A flower on the mountain blew,
And I bent to its shimmer of beauty rare,
To place it between my lips;
When lo! Its fragrance heavy-sweet grew
Till I flung it away, and it swam on the air
As thistle-down lightly dips.

Behold! A flower in the valley I found
And I bent to its fairness, thinking the sky
Had dropped to my breast a star.
When lo! Its breath was in bitterness bound,
Its silvern witchery proved but a lie.
And it left on my soul a scar.

Behold! A flower I saw by the road
Broken and crushed, yet diamond-dewed;
And a blossom I bent to remove.
When lo! From the stem a teardrop flowed
To the petals that lay all dust-bestrewed ---
And I knew that the flower was Love!

Marshall

RETRIEVED

Lost in the tireless, aimless city-roar,

I searched, in passing, each poor wearied face
To find some glint of higher things, some trace
Of nobly-seeking manhood, seeing more
In Life than life-and-death. Alas, full store

I found of sin or poverty, or base

Cruel touch of wealth; but of the truer grace
No sign. Where were the dreams of heretofore?

Then, as I turned away heartsick, a scene
Flashed to my mind. Low pines one side a hill,

And, rugged in the pines, against the fire
A face --- old Kijikon. Strong and serene
As the deep night beyond --- I see it still;

And turn me to the north of my desire!

Chicago

HAND IN HAND

What do they dream
Here in their youth?
Together they stand;
What does life seem ---
Hopings or fears,
Fable or truth,
Facing the years
Hand in hand?
Hers is the life
God gave her for.
His is the strife
And peace after war;
Hers is the hope
That the years may bring
Small hands to grope
Blind, at her breast;
Love that shall spring
To a babe's eyes;
And, for the rest,
Self-sacrifice.

Chicago

RESURGAM

Here is the dawn!

Silence and gloom of death, a moment
 agone;

But now there's a life in the field,
A glimmer of light in the east,
 And a lilt in the sky.

Here in the dawn man is least;
Here is God, freely revealed;
Here in the dawn God is nigh,
In the stir and the glimmer of rose
 And the music on high!

Here is the spring!

Tendrils of tenderest vine-root can feel,
 as it flows

From earth and from air, the swing
Of life that is pulsing again,
Life in the sun and the rain,
 Life in the soul!

Dawn in the spring --- come out!

Out to the thunder-roll

Of the flame in the east! Out, out
To the call of the thrush in the wood,
Out, out to the heart of the good
 Grey dawn in the spring!

Ann Arbor

THE OJIBWAY POTTER

Art holds for him no subtle mockery;
Impassively he sits within his rude
Northwoods atelier, whose solitude
Breeds far-flung visions that we may not see
Or comprehend. What though his pottery
Be simple, his materials all crude?
Here where the forest casts her magic mood
His work is eloquent of mastery!

A lesson, this, for us who give our lives
To Fame, intent on leaving but some trace
That we have lived. What use to haste and fret,
Pursuing that which men so soon forget?
The End is his who neither seeks nor strives
But in his work finds his God-given place.

Petoskey

WHERE FATHOMS BE NOT

On! Gain the seas unknown, the farther seas,
Where man is not; search earth in all her ways,
Finding, it may be, some great meed of praise ---
And that is all. No peace will lie in these
Greater horizons; no upsurging flow
Of sweetness from the vaster depths to thee;
No beauty to unloose the bands of woe
When thou hast overthrown Infinity!

There is no mystery beyond the seas,
No glittering pageant of barbaric thrones;
Only in self lie hid the mysteries,
And in each hour the sweetness that atones
For all Life's travail, through a work well done.
Seek this, today --- and all thy peace is won!

Chicago

A LOON CRIES

Hark! On the night a cry is upborne;
Wild with affright, mocking the morn ---

COOKY, beating his tin pan

Grubpile, boys! Up, ye lousy lazyheads,
Up an' git yer coffee an' yer cakes afore
the dawn!

Grubpile, boys! Up an' douse yer dazy heads;
Loon's a-cryin' on the lake,
Tellin' ye to rise an' wake,
Tellin' lazy lumberjacks it's time that they
was gone!

REGINALD VAN ASHTON, sitting bolt
upright in vers libre

Guide --- guide!
Did you hear that panther ---
Or was it an escaped maniac?
Get your rifle, quick ---
Guide! GUIDE!

Wake up, you damn' fool ---
Where are the guns?
Wake up, wake up!
Oh Lord,
Get me back safe to Broadway!

JOHN MAKES-NO-SHADOW, standing by
his canoe

Manitou!

I hear my brother calling me. "Rejoice,"

He says, "the sishcawet have come to spawn!

The Manitou has in his hand updrawn
Food for his children!" Thus my brother's voice
Calling across the lake. Speed my canoe,
Further my nets and send my spear-point true!
Great Spirit! Manitou!

Hark! From the trees dim echoes outfling ---
Or is it the breeze in the pines a-swing?

Petoskey

OVE

ONGS

Herein are contained
certain songs of love

HEART'S CONTENT

Had God put forth a drum unto my hand,
I would have wakened the nations to sweep
from their face

All that is evil and wrong; made men understand
Faith, and the giving of grace.

Had God put forth a sword unto my hand,
I would have swept all the earth with the
flame of it bare,

So forcing peace on the sea and peace on the land;
Peace, and the quiet of prayer.

Had God put forth a lyre unto my hand,
I would have gripped all the world with the
grip of my song;

Giving the gift of my gift to every demand,
Serving the weak and the strong.

But God put forth a hand unto my hand,
Showed me a pathway of thorns, and all
joyous I went;

Gave me the love of a babe --- ah, dream-
ropes of sand!

See, how my heart is content!

FROM THE TRAIN

Years from her --- how the wheels sing to me!

Miles from her --- dearer and nearer!

Ever the whirling hours fling to me

Heart-cravings olden that cling to me

Soft through the dreams her eyes bring to me ---

Dreams of her, nearer and dearer.



Wheels quiet, and the lights that shine

From all the quiet town --- her town!

One light is hers, but gives no sign

To me; one, of the sparks that burn

For hundred other hearts than mine.

So near! Until the slow wheels turn

And down the night the light-sparks drown.



There! I knew my heart had need of fearing,

Need to shrink from thinking of her so!

Ghosts of olden days and dreams come leering

From the stars to fright me as I go;

Wreck and ruth of days and dreams heart-searing,

Pausing passing how was she to know?

FROM THE SOUTH

Whispering wind of the south,
Bear me a kiss from her lips --
Waft me a breath from her mouth!
Lightly as humming-bird dips,
Softly as humming-bird sips,
In the thirst of my desolate drouth
Ah, bear me a kiss from her lips!

Southwind, so weary and spent,
Breathe me the way she has gone!
With snatches of orange-bloom scent,
With fragrance of flower-bestarred lawn,
With sweetness that flushes at dawn ---
All in thy whisperings blent,
Ah, breathe me the way she has gone!

AWAKENING

How have I loved thee, thirsting
Afar in desert ways,
And yearned to find adown the wind
Some hint of silvern days,
When all thy soul was bending
To touch my eager youth,
To soothe and heal the scars that steal
Across the face of Truth!

How have I found thee, waiting
So patiently and lone;
Till all unsought of word or thought
Thy spirit was mine own!
Love has nor place nor portion;
But mine is bitter ruth
For wasted years that hid with tears
The desert ways of Truth!

THE MOTHER PATIENT

"Higashi wrought me" --- that is all. Long dead
He lies beneath the cherry trees, with hands
Ceased from their patient labor, and his fled
Sweet spirit now at rest. From cunning bands
Of shapen bronze, close-wreathed with many a
thread

In gold, he formed his masterpiece, that stands
So mutely eloquent of days far-spaced

And half-sensed fantasies of ancient lands.

This was Higashi's child, and claimed his life.

Teach me, old worker of the long ago,
Your patient spirit, calm in petty strife,

Rising supreme o'er all vexation; so
My living child may prove as true and fair
In every soul-line, as your bronze-craft there!

AN ITHACAN LULLABY

Sadly the golden evening is fading,
Dim is the wandering light in the west;
Valley and temple and sea overshadowing ---
Artemis grant thee repose of the blest!
Oi, little mariner, sea-gulls are wheeling
Low at the cliff-edge, and night-songs are stealing
Over the bay from the fishermen, reeling
Nets upon nets --- so rest, baby, rest!

Far in the moonlight white oars are flashing,
Softly and sweetly the night-breezes croon;
Up from the valley the waterfall, splashing,
Wafts to thee peace and repose in its tune.
Rest, little wayfarer! Slumber is steeping
Ocean and land in the peace of its keeping;
Soon will be day, and the end of thy sleeping ---
Rest, baby, rest, for the morn cometh soon!

UNFORGOTTEN

The rose that you gave
Is withered and dead;
Yet even in death
There lingers a breath
Of the sweetness we crave ---
But the beauty is fled.

The love that you gave
Seems sweet to me yet.
You have perished, men say;
What knowledge have they?
I know that the grave
Cannot make you forget!

THE ROMANY TENT

Soft on the tent is the touch of rain ---
Sleep, little chal, for the night is long!
The storm bears death to the farmer's
grain,

But Gorgio's loss is Romany's gain;
And the oak is bent to shelter the tent
At the edge of the plain ---
Sleep, little pal, for the night is long!

Tall and strong are thy brethren nine, ---
Sleep, little pal of the wandering tribe!
But more than theirs shall be strength of
thine
Though thou sleepest here, little babe of
mine,

In a Romany tent by the old oak, bent
Where the four winds twine.
Sleep, little chal of the wandering tribe!

THE SANDMAN

When soft and slow the shadows fall,
And in the sky the pale sweet moon
Appears, then down the darkened hall
The Sandman's coming soon!

Why, every night it seems that when
The story mother tells gets to
Its very nicest part, just then
The oddest feeling touches you!
You simply have to rest your head
On mother's knee, and something queer
Gets in your eyes, and --- "Off to bed,"
Says mother, "for the Sandman's here!"

He comes with sneaky, stealthy tread,
You cannot hear him on the stair;
But somehow, when the day is fled
The Sandman's always there!

HYLA'S SONG

When I have felt the touch of years
That seem so light as yet;
When I have known the bitter tears
Of some still far regret;
I would not then turn to his page
That shrines my memory,
Nor murmur, while old days engage
My heart, "This man loved me!"

But when around me merriment
And laughter circle light,
I would some cedar-laden scent
Might drift across the night;
That so I could recall again
His clear serenity;
And think, for that I gave him pain,
"This man remembered me!"

EVENSONG

Hush, little babe! The eventide is falling
And everything is very still and slow;
So hush, and listen to the pale stars calling
And sending of their love to you below!

"Baby dear, on mother's breast,
Listen while we sing to you;
Peace and slumber, sweetest rest,
All of these we bring to you!
Little stars watch in the sky
While the big ones bear to you
Dreams, that shall not fade or fly
But shall make life fair to you!

"Baby dear, fall fast asleep!
Tho' God took the day from you,
Yet His watching stars will keep
Evil things away from you.
When you see them smile afar
Let nothing give a fear to you;
Just rest, and thank each little star,
And know that mother's near to you!"

Hush! Mother's close beside, so hush
and listen
To the night-whisper thrilling from
above;
See how the dim star-jewels gleam and
glisten
While they are singing to you of
their love!

NOCTURNE

When sweet, sad stars smile down on closing day
And wraiths of olden memories steal and fade;
When past joys lighten all the folding shade,
Then --- then my heart goes out to yours alway
Dear love of mine!

When evening steals the dim day's life away
And fireflies string pale jewels adown the wind;
When the soft gloaming's power enthralls
the mind,
Then --- then my heart is near to yours alway,
Dear love of mine!

HE AND SHE

Ah, were it infidelity

To love as doth the rose ---
Each morn her dewy heart held free
To any wind that blows?

"Yet morn is but a little space,
And if the dew be sped
How lowly hangs the rose's face
Ere afternoon be fled!"

Ah, were it infidelity

To love as doth the moon ---
Her silvern lips held tenderly
To streamlet and lagune?

"Yet hers is but a borrowed light,
Left when the day is done;
How faint and wan her radiant sight
Ere the long night be run!"

Ah, were it infidelity

To love as poets bid ---
Each hour to pay Love's golden fee
Lest youth too soon be hid?

"Yet, is the rose at eve not fair ---
The moon not sweet at dawn?
Nay, infidel! What love more rare
Than that whose Love is gone!"

OVING

ONGS

Herein are set divers
verses, translations, &
roving songs

ERRATUM

The first line of stanza 3, "A Man's Prayer,"
should read :

" Lord, give me grace that I may never seek "

LA VISION

Why sittest thou idle in the marketplace?
Am I not with thee in time of trouble --
Spectre of thy youth, fellow-pilgrim of
thine age?

Neither evil destiny nor guardian angel
am I,

Although so men name me.

Heaven hath granted thy soul unto me;
Where thou art, shall I be alway
As a brother inseparable,
Even unto the end of thy days
When I shall enthrone myself on thy
gravestone!

In sadness, come unto me freely,
But in joy avoid me warily;
Ever must I follow thy path
Yet never may I touch thy hand ---
For I am SOLITUDE.

TRISTESSE

I have lost the joy of life,
Fled are friends and gaily;
Gone is all the zest of strife
Which alone bids genius be!

When I found that Truth was mine
How I hailed her as a friend!
When for dregs I knew her wine
On her way I bade her wend.

Yet Truth knows nor bond nor thrall;
Those whom she denies her grail
Find that life has missed its all ---
When God speaks, shall answer fail?

I have lost the best of life,
Joy and Truth afar have swept;
All that has escaped the strife
Is that sometimes I have wept.

QUAND VOUS SEREZ

Spinning beside the winter's fire, your hair
A silvern crown beneath the candles dim,
The thought will come, as these my songs
You hymn ---

"Ronsard enshrined me, when that I was fair!"
Then not a drowsy servant by you there
Half dozing, feigning work to suit your whim,
But shall awaken at the name of him
And bless you, for the love he held so rare.

Then I shall be at rest, while up above
The myrtle shadows weave my mystic pyre,
But you will croon across a dying fire
And mourn your old disdain and my lost love.
Ah, live and love, nor wait the morrow's dawn;
Cull Youth's fair rose, Hélène, ere it be gone!

A MAN'S PRAYER

Lord, give me grace that I may never reap
Where mine own hands have failed to sow
the seed;

Grace to hold dear what others scorn as cheap,
Grace not to barter soul for body's greed!
Not mine the lure of aught that greatness brings,
The hymn of triumph or the flame of swords;
Hold Thou my fingers from the deeper strings
Unto the beauty of the minor chords.

Lord, give me grace that I may never ask
Where I have naught to give, and may not
lay

My couch with children's tears, or wear the mask
Of comfort, woven by wan souls and grey
To give me ease! Let none hold me in hate
As I would bear no muted lives in fee;
Lend me Thy love, to be my high estate;
Is bronze, then, proof of immortality?

Lord, give me grace I may never seek
The Grails of pomp and power, where others
throng;

That I, as Thou, may see how Might is weak,
How Truth and Justice fare not with the
Strong.

Grant me no gift of prophet's high insight,
No fiery eloquence of faith assailed;
Mine not to lead but follow, after Right ---
And if they will, let men deem I have failed!

VENEZIA MINORE

Pale day, grey day in Venice --- gondoliers
A-shiver --- not the dream that I had dreamed!
Lonely and drear, the storied Lion seemed
More beautiful in mist. Silent the jeers
And jests of the canals --- dull dreary years
Hung heavy in one day; only there gleamed
Some scarlet day-old pageantry, that streamed
Sullenly, clogged with dirt and misty tears.

The evening gun rang out its distanced "boom";
A sandolo swept by, with careless list;
We passed Ca' d'Oro, wreathed in living doom,
While soft rain wept her porticoes death-kissed;
Then Marco set his oar against the mist
And San Giorgio lowered through the gloom.

MON AME A SON SECRET

Within my soul there lies a secret, thieved
Eternally from Love, that knows no sleep.

All ignorant is she whose name lies deep
Enshrined within my heart; nor has she grieved
With love's kind grief; and naught have I achieved
Though ever at her side. Thus I shall keep
My secret, while I live. How might I reap
A meed unasked, when none can be received?

For she, whom God has made so sweet and
tender,

Goes calmly on her way, and will not hear
The murmured homage love would gladly render;
So pure she is, so quiet and austere!
Reading this verse, she fails herself to see;
And smiling, asks "Who may this angel be?"

RECOMPENSE

I have not gazed across the bare expanse
Of heated desert-plain, to rest my sight
On Philip's cloistered walls; nor in delight
Have I beheld the arabesques that dance
Across Alhambra's witchery; no chance
Has led me through the shadow-haunted night
Of rich Toledo's poverty; yet, bright
Or sad, I know old Spain's wierd necromance!
For sometimes in the thrilling of a leaf
Or wafted fairness of a far-hung cloud,
A vision sweeps before me through a brief
Sweet breath, its transient figuring endowed
With all the wonders I have never seen.
Lord God, dost guerdon for what hath not been?

SCOTT

Go down to death, stout heroes who would free
That secret which the snow encommpasseth!
Whose is the voice that bids you ceaselessly
Go down to death?

And is it wealth you dream, or empire
In some lone land where no man wandereth,
Or ringing trump of Fame's high heraldry?

Nay, not in strength the dark world glorieth;
None but defeat shall gain her utmost fee;
Ye only win who, in the soft-swept breath
Of Azrael, by sea and farther sea
Go down to death.

THREE MEN

Three men lay dying with the dying sun.

"I wonder why we were afraid?" says one.

"Why, death is only sleep, when all is done!"

"You lie!" gasps one, a-tremble. And "You lie!

Death is the end, and we are lost who die!

God! If I could but live again, and try --- "

"Peace!" one laughs out. "See how the green
trees sway

That but a week ago stood stark and grey!"

Three men lay dead upon an April day.

J'AI DIT A MON COEUR

I whispered to my heart, my errant heart,

“Is it not enough to love sincerely?

Dost not see that fickle love is merely
To lose youth's blessing in the worldly mart?”

Heart answered “Nay, not thus is Fate bestead!

It is not enough to love sincerely;

Dost not see that fickle love is merely
To render sweet the pleasures that are dead?”

I whispered to my heart, my errant heart,

“Does not Life buy of its grief too dearly?

Dost not see that fickle love is merely
To seek each day new griefs within the mart?”

Heart answered “Nay, not thus is Fate bestead!

Life buys not its store of grief too dearly;

Dost not see that fickle love is merely
To render sweet the anguish that is dead?”

TWILIGHT IN ALGIERS

The sun is gone below the hill
And purple night is on the bay ;
Yet crimsoned fingers wander still
Upon the minaret so gay ---
The minaret so square and tall
Whose lacquered tiles upleaping rise
Against the deep Algerian skies,
Like flames upon a vine-clad wall !
And near the garish minaret
Where Sidi Abderrahman lies,
A band is playing symphonies
To make lean tirailleurs forget
How passing Arabs scowl and glance ---
A breath from Paris, sweetly set
Within this land of newer France !

NOUS MARCHIONS

We must seek love in divers things and ways
Ere we may learn what thing we love the best;
Few of our many loves will stand the test,
Few of our many deeds will have Time's praise!
We must knock often at the gate of tears,
We must pick often from the half-closed flowers
Before we find that slower-footed hours
Have passed our fleetness; and our age brings
fears.

Then, with life's cup half drained, Truth bids
us know
That best of all is some old tested friend!
Meeting by chance, hand reaches unto hand,
Heart unto heart; what then if words come slow?
We march together toward the unseen land
Where souls die not, where is no day's dark
end.

OUT OF TUSCANY

Threshed out is the straw
And against the closed door
The sturdy flails stand;
White is the floor
Chaff-strewn, with the raw
Rich scent of the grain
Over all; while the band
Rests, weary and fain.

And thus, ere the length
Of the day is foredone,
Comes a moment for rest;
Ah, seize it, nor shun
That instant of strength!
Lay from thee the flail,
Seek God in thy breast ---
And He will not fail.

THE CANADA SHORE


How fresh are they, and yet how sere,
 These towns along the northern shore!
And were our fathers thus --- austere,
Clamped down like those about us here
 To tales and ways of yore?

Or were they happy here to dwell
 In towns along the northern shore ---
Content with bread that buttered well,
Content with heaven and with hell,
 With tales and ways of yore?

Yet, were our newer customs brought
 To towns along the northern shore,
Perhaps too dear were freedom bought;
For always has the freed world sought
 The tales and ways of yore!

ONE I KNEW

I had a friend.
God gave him gifts of the best,
All the world lay at his feet;
But there was no rest
In his soul. His road held no end ---
And beauty of spirit is fleet!
Half the world found in his face
Strength and glory and power,
These, and his genius; but I,
Nearer and closer by,
Saw with each thievish hour
Loss from his soul of the grace
Given by God. And today he stands
Reft of the best,
Clay, all crumbled between God's hands
Under the test.
And the end
Seems to me sad; despite all the rest
I was his friend.

 O O K

 O N G S

Herein are found
divers songs, taken
from the Author's
books.

CAPTIONS

- 1 When men from north and south come close
Look well to words --- beware of blows!
- 2 Were Love than Death less strong
It could not last so long.
- 3 When smitten foe laughs back
Don quickly helm and jack!
- 4 Warm in the spring is the pine-sweet air,
But the pine-roots twine 'round the gray
wolves' lair!
- 5 Mark well the rede:
Much talk makes need.
- 6 "Bide hidden; then with tooth and claw
Take payment," runs the forest law.
- 7 Who best controls his hate
Holds firmest grip on Fate.
- 8 Though ye conquer twice and thrice
Ye must pay the gods their price.
- 9 If the wolf be brave and his heart be stout
When the lips draw back from his fangs ---
look out!

From "Trails Chivalrous"

BEDFORD'S SONG

King Strang he wears a golden crown
And a red robe on his back;
But give him a tree acrost from me
An' see who'd quit when the saw cut free!
Catch hold ---

I'm king myself in the lumber-shack,
An' that's king enough for me,
By whack!
There ain't a king in the world can whirl
A peavy's haft, or laugh an' birl
With a Michigan jack!

King Strang eats off a golden plate
An' cold grub makes him cross;
But shove him through with my river-crew
An' I bet he'd eat enough for two!
Work, mate ---
Or I'll bust ye one, ye lazy hoss ---
An' that's king enough for y o u!

By goss,
There ain't a king in the world can put
The calks to me, or can shake his foot
With a Michigan boss!

From "King Strang"

CHANT OF THE AXE

For work and ache and sweat, for weary strife
By oar and trap, by peavy, spear and net,
The northland offers men a wage of life ---
And sells it dear, for toll of work and sweat!
Yet men gain something more. A grave apart
Where cedars whisper requiem to the stars;
A dwelling close to God; an honest heart;
Hands gnarled with toil, and rough with
honor's scars;
Contempt from lesser men, perhaps; a strong
Sure faith in all the things which are not seen;
A simple trust that Right is more than Wrong,
Thanks unto God because the trees are green!
And with it all, the deep respect of those
Who labor at their side by wave or wood;
And surety that He who made them knows
How, while the axe may slip, it still is good!
So, for hard labor and unceasing strife
By axe and oar, by peavy, saw and net,
The northland offers larger wage than life ---
Asking no price, save only work and sweat!

From "Blood Royal"

PIOBAIREACHD OF FEAGH

Clear and white in the fresh dawn-light
Is the steep boreen we follow;
Blue our glittering spearpoints gleam
Like the flying spray of the Culdagh's
stream;

Loud and long rings the wild sword-song
On edge of the shield-rims hollow,
For the fire of life is the joy of strife
And the battle won!

Keen and bright is the arrow-flight
As we glimpse the foe before us;
Fire and slaughter among the hills,
Slaughter and fire the death-lust stills;
Harps clang high to the bards' fierce cry
While the pibroch rises o'er us,
Till the day is ours as evening lowers
And the fight is done!

From "The Last O'Donnell"

TIPPECANOE

Up flint and out horn ---
Dun hangs the scalp-feather;
Wrath comes on the morn
And smoke of the burning!
Out bullet and rod ---
Black Sand is the omen;
The anger of God
Shall waken ye, foemen!
Arouse ye and wake
To the war-eagle's screaming;
God shall shatter and break
The dream of your dreaming;
Up flint and out horn ---
Your greatness is broken!
Death rides on the morn
And Black Sand has spoken.

From "A Son Of The Cincinnati"

I THE ADOBE

From the earth they made me
 A grey adobe slab;
With my fellows laid me,
 Sun-baked, ugly, drab.
From the dust they called me,
 Who had been a clod;
Plastered me and walled me ---
 Set me to serve God!

II THE HIGH BELLS

Unto the sky
Tower we afar,
Calling on high,
Calling men nigh ---
 Nigh unto prayer.
Over the worn
Desert-land's glare,
To sundrift and star,
Our call is upborne,
 "Come ye to prayer!"
Ever we cry,
Never we cease,
 "Come ye to prayer,
Here is God's peace!"

III THE KEYSTONE

Out of the quarry cut and laid,
Brown hands wrought me, unafraid;
 Carved me with symbols that had
 no name,
Set me to hold a high arch-frame.
Vanished are they with all their race,
Yet here I dwell in my given place;
 Washed of the rain, burnt of the sun,
Waiting with God till the years be done.

IV THE DREAMER

He heard a distant anthem swim
 Upon the swallows' twittered cries;
The bare brown hills became to him
 A shimmer of sun-symphonies;
Across the ruined cloister-shade
 An angel's wing limned lanes of light,
And from forgotten graves there strayed
 Low whisperings upon the night.
With adze and plane and rugged beam
He fell to hewing out his dream.

From "San Juan Capistrano"

DWIGHT'S DITTY

When a feller's feelin' happy
An' the sun's begun to climb,
When the birds are all a-singin'
An' the church-bells start to chime,
Then it's pow'ful easy, brother,
To fergit your restless soul
And amble to'rds the river
With your ol' bent fishin'-pole!

You hear the elder preachin'
And a-steerin' of you right
But somehow you get thinkin'
'Bout them worms you dug las' night;
An' when the choir gets singin'
How the Jordan's goin' to roll,
You wisht you was on Jordan
With your ol' bent fishin'-pole!

From "Marsden's Money"

CAPTIONS

- 1 Where is the trail that did not begin
With laughter of youth and a heartsick sin?
- 2 If they that find may see,
Roads bring good company.
- 3 Give tongue to a friend and teeth to a foe:
This is the creed that the wolfings know!
- 4 Who knoweth not his trail
Shall find somewhere a Grail.
- 5 Simpler than tricksters, stronger than foes,
Humble to God the great man goes.
- 6 The ale-word is an ill-word ever;
Men who know this, heed it never.
- 7 When bides a snake within the nest,
Who smiteth soonest smiteth best.
- 8 Powder and Bullet and Flint and Fire ---
Who shall naysay ye from Hell's desire?
- 9 Who flees from God shall feel God's goad
Bestirring him upon God's road.

From "A Son Of The Cincinnati"

LITANY OF THE KNIGHTS

I

God of old, who rules the sounding years,
Alike our God of battle and of tears,

Hear us, O Lord!

The darkness falls; deep doom is on the land,
Thy people perish; where is now Thy hand?

Hear us, O Lord!

2

O Death! Death! Death! Thou hast come to
us here.

Help us, O God! Our valleys are stricken
and sere;

Gone are the bravest, our best-born and noblest
and dear;

Our strongest lie low in the dust. Lord God,
be Thou near!

Hark to us sorrowing, list to us desolate, hear!
God of aforetime, God of the after-time, rear
Bulwarks to cover us! Put forth Thy shelter-
ing spear,

For death and destruction have come to the
hearts of us here.

Unto us whose dawn is grey
 In the east a light is spread;
 Hearts of us, be strong today ---
 Fear and failure both be fled!
 With the past our past is sped;
 Up and at the foe who wait!
 Gone be our despair and dread,
 God and Courage keep the gate!

Lances gleam in brave array;
 Christmen, Crossmen, look ahead!
 Smite the infidel and slay ---
 Drown his crescent moon in red!
 Knights are we and knightly bred!
 What have we to do with fate?
 Up and strike! Mahound is dead ---
 God and Courage keep the gate!

God heareth, God heareth! The shadows upsteal;
 Ride, ride to the call of His trumpet-peal,
 To the snarl and the swirl and the sheen of steel!
 Up and strike! Up and strike!
 Christ rides with our vanguard, Death thunders
 behind,

Spur, spur, for our Crossflame hath smitten
them blind!

Spur, spur! Strike their ranks like a flame
on the wind ---

Up and strike! Up and strike!

There's a flame on the wind and a flame in
the sedge

And the flame of our faith flares from windrow
and hedge;

Swordflame and Crossflame! Up, up --- with
the edge ---

Up and strike! Up and strike!

From "The Seal Of Solomon"

EL CAMINO REAL

Golden lies the sand road, the long road, the
grand road,

Dusty gold a-sifting to the lifting of the breeze;
Weary are the footsteps traveling the land road,
But kings and fools go drifting to the shifting
of the seas!

From "Afoul Of Destiny"

SONG OF BLACK SAND

The dun deer dies by lick and spring;
The eagle cries, death high a-wing;
And in wait God lies for everything.

By many a gate Death's house is won;
Scalplocks hang straight when life is done;
And God lies in wait for everyone.

The sorriest clod may understand
How Death's dark rod cowers all the land;
But in wait lies God to guard Black Sand!

VOORLOPERS

The road is long across the waste
And they who made the road are sped;
Yet their strong spirit knew no haste --
Their children wrought when they
lay dead.

Lord God, give us that we may know
The surety our fathers felt;
Faith, that the forest winds will blow
The dust of towns where we have knelt!

From "A Son Of The Cincinnati"

Here Ends The Book

FRUIT BEFORE SUMMER

Printed By The Author

At The Sign Of

The Crossed Quills

Long Beach California

1915



